Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I on my tent this morning. *him a paper.*

Iockey of Norfolke be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

King. A thing deuisd by the enemie.
Go Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules:
Conscience is but a word that cowards vse,
Deuisd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his Armie.

What shall I say more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,
To desperate aduentures and assurd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest,
You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers wearie of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues,
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittains whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Fight Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,

Draw

Draw archers draw, you
Spur your proud horses
Amaze the welkin with
What saies lord Stanley,
Mes. My lord, he doth
King. Off with his so
Nor. My lord, the ene
After the battaile let Ge
King. A thousand ha
Aduance our standards,
Our ancient word of cou
Inspire vs with the splee
Vpon them, victorie sit

Alarum, excu

Cates. Rescew my lor
The king enacts more w
Daring an opposite to e
His horse is slaine, and al
Seeking for Richmond i
Rescew faire lord, or else

En

Kin. A horse, a horse,
Cates. Withdraw my
King. Slaue I haue set
And I will stand the haza
I thinke there be sixe Ri
Fiue haue I slaine to day,
A horse, a horse, my kinge

Alarum, Enter Richard a

slain, then retrait being
ring the crowne, with oth

Ri. God and your arm
The day is ours, the bloo
Dar. Couragious Rich
Loe here this long vsurpe
From the dead temples o
Haue I pluckt off to grac
Weare it, enioy it, and ma

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